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POOR MAN'S GOLD

Courtney Ryley Cooper

● Courtney Ryley Cooper.
WNU Service.

CHAPTER V.—Continued

The big man was running about with both hands in the air. Other miners attempted to halt him, but only momentarily. At last he saw Hammond and headed for him.

"I told you it was a new Klondyke!" he shouted. "Look what I found in the clean-up!"

He opened his clenched hands. In each was at least a dozen nuggets, some no larger than a pinhead, others bigger than peas. Kay squealed with interest.

"Isn't it perfectly thrilling?" she asked. There was a queer, feverish glint in her eyes. Her hands opened and closed spasmodically. "Just to think of digging up the ground and picking out gold!"

Olson veered again into mad gyrations, at last to bring up short before Mrs. Joyce and extend his treasures to her.

"Look at Mother," the girl said. "She's actually interested!"

Mrs. Joyce was asking questions and with an extended finger was turning over the nuggets as they lay in the giant paws of Olson. The big man stood there, grinning; somewhat surprised, Hammond saw Mrs. Joyce smile quite gayly. He laughed. "Gold certainly is anybody's introduction!"

Kay shrugged her shoulders. "But Mother—" she exclaimed, and did not finish the sentence. They went on then to examine the sluice box. After a time Hammond followed Kay's glance as she once more looked back. Olson and Mrs. Joyce were still talking. At last, Kay said, almost fretfully:

"But, Jack, all this isn't getting me started on my gold mine." He looked at her. "Why the hurry?" But isn't that what a person is supposed to do, the minute you get in camp?

Jack stared. "You're not serious?" "Of course I'm serious, silly. Why else should I have a gold mine?"

"A placer claim, since you are seri-

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ous," he corrected her laughingly. "But I just laid the thing aside for you—merely for fun."

"Then you mean there isn't any gold in it?"

"Of course, I hope there's gold. But what's the need, Kay? There'll be enough coming out of Joe's claim and mine."

"But that wouldn't be my claim, would it? I want to feel it's really mine—that I got it out of the ground."

"But you couldn't do the actual labor."

"No—" she hesitated. "Of course, I couldn't do that."

"Then I'll try to scare you up some men tomorrow. I didn't have any idea you'd actually want to work this. I just laid it aside so you could say you owned a placer."

"Why shouldn't I work it?"

"Couldn't it wait until we get back from Vancouver?"

"Vancouver?" she asked. "Or," he bantered, "shall we be married here, by Sergeant Terry of the Mounted Police?"

"Oh!" She pushed him playfully. "I thought for a minute you were serious!" Quickly she turned. "Oh, Mother!" she cried almost petulantly, "aren't you ever coming?"

Still smiling, Mrs. Joyce parted from the voluble Olson, and then a few feet away, raised a hand, wiggling her fingers in an extra gesture of parting. Kay straightened.

"Well," she asked, in a tone meant to contain banter, "is he Clark Gable or John Barrymore?"

"He's a very nice man," snapped Mrs. Joyce, her features again emotionless. "And that's an end to the matter." Shortly after that, Kay complained of a headache and led the way back to the cottage. Hammond returned to his work with McKenzie Joe.

It was evening when he once more took the trail upward. This time he did not hurry. The man was thoughtful, obsessed. There was something strange about Kay, her nervousness, her quickness.

Higher he swung along the trail, at last to veer under the jutting point of land which ran out from beneath the cottage; the trail here followed the cliff almost to the verandah, where it jutted straight upward and came out at the cabin steps. Suddenly he raised his head. Low voices which had come faintly from the rear of the building now had shifted closer until he could hear every word.

"And I'm telling you, Mother, that I'm not going to stand for it! I won't—I won't!"

"How are you going to help yourself?" The usually calm tones of Mrs. Joyce were high-pitched, excited. "You live your life and I'll live mine. But I'll tell you this—I had all the damned hypocrisy I wanted with your father."

"But, Mother, this terrible Olson!"

"That's enough about Olson!" Mrs. Joyce cried out. "I'll be the judge in that matter!"

Desperately Hammond began to whistle. The voices ceased. A moment later, Kay Joyce met him at the door, her usual vibrantly pleasant self.

"Oh, come in," she said and kissed him. "We had begun to wonder what on earth had become of you!"

Late that night, Jack Hammond stood with Kay on a jutting point overlooking the valley. Here and there a faint light gleamed in the settlement, a vagrant candle or the dying embers of a prospector's evening fire.

"Kay," said the man almost abruptly. "I want to talk to you—about ourselves."

"And I want to talk to you about yourself. Why are you so nervous—so ill at ease?"

"It?" It amazed him. "It's all news to me. Maybe I've been over-anxious—to please you."

"Perhaps that's it." She clasped his hand with both of hers, raising it to her breast. The yield of soft flesh fired him. He whirled and caught her tight to him, his kisses burning her—he felt the touch of her soft hair against his cheek, the brush of an earlobe on his forehead.

As, eager, roving, he bent to caress the smoothness of her throat.

"I've waited so long for you," he begged. "All my life—"

"Jack dear," she gasped, freeing herself. "You say you want me—and then try to crush me to death. But," she shivered deliciously, "how I love it!"

From afar came the roar of an airplane motor, at last to reveal the riding lights of Timmy Moon's plane, skimming high over the mountains in the moonlight; it was the third trip the pilot had made to Wrangell that day. At last the ship banked in a wide circle and with the motor cut off, dropped downward to the surface of the moonlit Sapphire and the nicety of a safe landing.

"Timmy's taking chances," said Hammond.

"Oh, he's gone mad with a little money."

"Well, don't we all?"

"I suppose so—although it's been so long since I've seen any."

This was a different Kay, strangely frank, calmly bringing up a subject which Hammond had been reluctant even to mention.

"I want to talk about that," he said at last.

"And I still want to talk about you," she countered. "About your plans."

He was silent a moment. Then: "Did I build too pretty a picture down there in Seattle?"

"Don't be silly, I'm thinking of you. Has everything turned out the way you wanted it?"

"Of course," he answered, with a little surprise. "Naturally we're not making a lot out of those Loon creek placers."

"But you've got some other claims, worth a lot more."

"Yes—if we can only find the gold."

"That's what you mentioned last night."

"Where are they?"

"The claims? Back on the flats, away from Moose river."

"But how would you go about finding gold away off there?"

A long period of silence followed. "I don't know how Joe will feel about me telling that," came finally. "But you're just telling me."

"Yes, that's true. If the theory ever got out this camp would go crazy staking claims."

"And you're afraid I might publish it?" she asked, with a queer little laugh.

"Oh, Kay! Of course not. Everything I've got is yours—even my thoughts."

She pressed his arm.

"You're awfully sweet, do you know it?"

"I'm crazy about you—I know that," he said, with a short laugh.

"I can say the same to you. And oh, Jack, I want you to strike it rich—richer than any other man on earth!"

He looked out over the shadowy valley.

"Somewhere over there," he said throatily, "is enough gold to make us all millionaires a dozen times over. Tons of gold, Kay—the deposits of thousands of years, just waiting for someone to come along and wash it out of the gravel."

"But where?" she insisted. He ran a hand across his forehead. A long moment passed. Jack Hammond was struggling with his promises to Joe. Then suddenly the secret flooded forth, the belief that somewhere, far in the past, Moose river had run

in a different and long-abandoned bed, there to deposit alluvial gold, washed down from the hills by thousands of freshets and spring floods. (To Be Continued)

Hewitt—You don't seem to think much of him.

Jewett—If he had his conscience taken out it would be a minor operation.

The Hooker oak, of California, is the largest leafing tree in America; 8,000 people can be shaded by it when it is in leaf.

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Surely you have friends and relatives in Britain who are eagerly looking forward to seeing you again... don't disappoint them any longer... go this Christmas... round trip rates are low and the sailings shown below provide convenient dates.

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Nov. 25 AUSONIA to Ply., Havre, London

From Halifax
Dec. 4 ALAUNIA to Plymouth, London
Dec. 5 SAMARIA to Glasgow, B'fast, L'pool
Dec. 11 AURANIA to Plymouth, London
Dec. 13 ATHENIA to B'fast, L'pool, Glasgow
Embarkation previous evening.

From Saint John, N.B.
Dec. 10 ATHENIA to B'fast, L'pool, Glasgow

From New York
Dec. 2 QUEEN MARY to Ply., Cher., S'mpt
Dec. 10 AQUITANIA to Cherbourg, S'mpt
Dec. 10 GEORGIC to Galway, Cobh, L'pool
Dec. 16 QUEEN MARY to Ply., Cher., S'mpt

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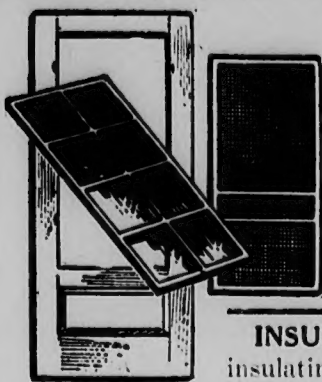
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Offer Essay Prizes

The local W.C.T.U. of Didsbury are offering the following prizes in the essay contest of the national temperance study course for Sunday Schools:

Senior 1st Prize \$1.25
Senior 2nd Prize \$1.00
Senior 3rd Prize .75
Junior 1st Prize \$1.00
Junior 2nd Prize .75
Junior 3rd Prize .50

In order to compete for the higher district and national prizes these essays must be in the hands of the local Union by November 22nd.

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Evangelical Church Notes

Next Sunday morning the Pastor will speak from the theme, "The New Testament and Missions." The evening subject will be "Heavenly Registration."

It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful. Therefore let all be faithful in Church and Sunday School attendance.

BIRTHS

Didsbury General Hospital.

October 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wigg of Cremona, a daughter.

DIDSBURY MARKETS.

WHEAT	Market	Peg
No. 1 Northern	38	63½
No. 2	34	60½
No. 3	31	57½
No. 4	24	51½
No. 5	18	44
No. 6	11	37
No. 1 C.W. Garnet	29	55½
No. 2 C.W. Garnet	26	52½
No. 3 C.W. Garnet	24	47½

OATS	Market	Peg
No. 2 C.W.	14	11½
No. 3	11	11½
Extra No. 1 Feed	11	11½
No. 1 Feed	10	10½

BARLEY	Market	Peg
No. 3	18	18

HOGS	Market	Peg
Select	7.10	7.10
Bacon	6.60	6.60
Butcher	6.10	6.10

BUTTERFAT	Market	Peg
Delivered Basis at Crystal Dairy	17c	17c
Special	15c	15c
No. 1	12c	12c
No. 2	12c	12c
Table cream	30c	30c

EGGS	Market	Peg
Grade A Large	29c	29c
Grade A Medium	27c	27c
Grade A Pullet	23c	23c
Grade B	19c	19c
Grade C	16c	16c

Prices subject to change without notice

SNAP
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LOCAL & GENERAL

An all-wool sweater? Buy one from Scott at \$2.95.

Watch for posters announcing the Canadian Legion's annual concert and dance on November 11th.

Ed Liesemer reports having sold two more Holstein cows to the Three Hills Bible institute.

Mr. Herman Shulz and son Cecil made a visit to Calgary on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. Knapp, of Swift Current, spent last weekend visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGhee.

Miss Dorothy Huget, of Calgary, visited for the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Huget.

Mrs. Ben Woodworth, of Banff, spent a few days this week visiting her father, Mr. H. W. Chambers.

An effort is being made to organize a Badminton Club for this winter. Anyone interested in this sport is asked to see Bill Ross.

A number of members of Didsbury Masonic Lodge paid a fraternal visit to St. Mark's Lodge, Calgary, on Monday evening.

See the new silk dirndl dresses, blouses, children's coats, knitted suits, hats, veils, feathers, etc.—at the New Shoppe.

K. Roy McLean, Optometrist and Optician, 209-210 Southam Building, Calgary, is announcing his next regular visit to Didsbury as Monday Nov. 7, morning only, at the Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nielsen, who sold out their farm effects at an auction sale last Thursday, left on the noon train Friday for Victoria, B.C.

You'll be rolling in the aisle when they swing hillbilly style. In-tro-duc-tion the dag-nabbed best swing orchestra in the county. "Swing Your Lady" at the movies this weekend.

When you think of wearing apparel—you think of Berscht & Sons Quality and satisfaction guaranteed. Compare our prices with any catalogue.—You will find our prices no higher and our quality better.

Mrs. J. A. McGhee, in her capacity as grand conductress of the Alberta Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, accompanied the grand worthy matron, Mrs. Harwood of Calgary, on her official visit to the chapter at Innisfail on Monday evening.

Everyone come to the 'gigantic Halloween Fun & Frolic at Mountain View Community Hall on Monday, October 31st at 8 p.m. Cards, dancing and Bingo. Entertainment for all, old and young. Admission: Adults 10c., schoolchildren free. Lunch will be provided.

Extra good value in men's winter underwear.—Buy it at Scott's.

A C.C.F. Conference is to be held in Didsbury on Thursday, Nov. 10 at 2 p.m., with a public meeting in the evening at 8. Place to be announced later. Wm. Irvine, president and organizer of C.C.F. Clubs in Alberta, will be the speaker. A cordial welcome is extended to all interested.

A "no host" shower was held at Springdale School on Tuesday night in honor of Miss Bertha Moon and Mr. James Nelson, whose marriage will take place shortly. Fifty relatives and friends were present and the honored guests were showered with a large number of both beautiful and useful gifts. Dancing was enjoyed during the evening.

Don't go around shivering—buy your winter clothing at Scott's and keep warm.

Singing merrily, singing merrily, Dancing in the shady grove so glad and free.

Naught can trouble us, naught can trouble us

Oh, a gypsy's life for me.

—Knox Junior Choir will hold a gypsies' concert at the United Church on Thursday, November 17th at 8:15 p.m. Admission 25c and 15c.

Canadian Legion Notes.

The regular meeting of the Canadian Legion will be held this Saturday, October 29th at 8:30 p.m. Election of officers. "On the town."

Alberta Senior Hockey

Teams Announce 1938-39 Lineup

Seven high-class senior hockey teams, carrying on their rosters outstanding players picked from the entire Dominion and the United States, will battle in Alberta this season for the right to carry provincial colors in the 1939 Allan Cup playdowns. With the October 15 deadline for signing players passed, officials on Sunday announced their lineups with the exception of Coleman, which is deferring announcement until a team meeting on October 30th.

Olds Elks announced their lineup as follows: Goal, R. Jefferies; Calgary Bronks; G. Robbins, Saskatoon; defence: F. Warshawski, Olde Elks; M. Flett, Edmonton Superiors; W. Onafrachuck, Lethbridge Maple Leafs; L. Rimstead, Vancouver; forwards: Max Sutherland, Olds Elks; Eddie O'Keefe, Saskatoon Quakers; Bob Piroux, Edmonton Juniors; Bill Gauf, Edmonton Dominions; "Putt" Hol-ditch, Olds Elks; Bus Alger, Edmonton Juniors; Sid Silverman, Regina Aces; Eddie Sham-lack, Calgary Bronks.

M.B.C. Church Notes.

A missionary meeting will be held in the M.B.C. Church on Friday night at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Guy Playfair, Field Director of the Sudan and Interior Missions in Africa, will be the speaker.

Mr. Playfair has spent 25 years of missionary work in Africa. He has travelled extensively in northern Africa. Sometime ago he crossed that continent west to east in a truck and also visited Ethiopia.

Extensive missionary work is being done in the leper colonies of Nigeria by this Mission. Recently, under the leadership of Mr. Playfair, large areas hitherto unreached by missionaries has been opened and a great Christian work is being done by the missionaries.

You are invited to come, and bring your friends to this outstanding meeting.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

For Sale.—Light Delivery Mod. T Ford in good running order, new battery. Price \$25. Apply to the Didsbury Pioneer Office. (431p)

Purebred Tamworth Boar for Sale proven stock getter, 2½ years old, cheap. A. Boutin, phone R1611. (434p)

Double Shed For Rent.—Suitable for car or storage. Apply to Mrs. M. Bolander, Didsbury. (433p)

Lost.—On the North Rd. between Jutland School and Town, one automobile license plate, 44 881. Finder please leave at Pioneer Garage or notify A. Schwesinger, Didsbury. (431p)

Lost.—On highway between Didsbury and Carstairs, 30x5 truck tire and rim. Finder please return to Sam Miller, Jr., Didsbury. Reward. (431p)

Registered Holstein Cow For Sale, coming fresh soon.—Elah Shantz Route 1, Didsbury. (421p)

Purebred Minorca Cockerels For Sale, good laying strain. Price \$1.—Mrs. A. Patterson, R2, Didsbury. (424p)

Parties who were inquiring for bred Yorkshire Glts are informed that I have now several ready for sale.—Dan Dippel. (414c)

For Sale.—Eight Purebred Suffolk Ram Lambs, \$9 each with papers, \$8 without, if taken soon. Apply to J. P. Methers, Spruce Grove Farm, 1 mile south of Crossfield. (414p)

Dry Cleaning & Pressing: Ladies' suits and dresses of any material; men's suits and overcoats. All work guaranteed. Alterations and repairs done in a workmanlike manner.—Wm. Smith. (9)

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